

APRIL 1932

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 4

Again we celebrate National Be Kind to Animals Week, April 18-23, and Humane Sunday, April 17.

The first issue of *The Defender of Animals* has recently appeared in Paris. It will continue the work of *The Protector of Animals* and will be the organ of the French Association for the Defense of Animals.

We are glad to send this magazine without charge to any library that will give it a place in its reading room and to any school where a teacher will use it to cultivate the spirit of justice and compassion toward all animal life.

In the city of Pericles, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and many another famous Greek, humane education is being given a place in the schools. Hundreds of years before our era a statue could have been seen in that city dedicated to the Goddess of Compassion.

All lovers of animals who know of the remarkable work that is being done at Fez, Morocco, by the American Fondouk must greatly rejoice. And it was just one lone woman visitor to that city who saw the crying need and resolved that something must be done to meet it.

When we announced in the last issue that the hearing on the Bill which sought to kill our new Anti-Steel Trap Law was to be at the State House March 21, it was because we had been assured that that was the date of the hearing. Since then, to our surprise, the date was changed to March 14.

Damascus, Tyre, and Sidon—it sounds strange that in these ancient cities so bound up in Biblical story our American Humane Education Society should have representatives in the shape of Bands of Mercy, and that Band of Mercy buttons from these offices should be worn by hundreds of boys and girls and even by not a few soldiers in those far-off places.

Be of Good Cheer

THESE words are for all interested in the welfare of animals. But why be of good cheer? Because from every quarter comes the evidence of increasing activity on behalf of animals. Humane education was never given so large a place in the training of the young in both Europe and this country as today. References to animals, accounts of their intelligence, of deeds of kindness toward them, of their claims upon us for justice and compassion were never so numerous as now. New societies are springing up in every civilized land. Special days and weeks are devoted to their interests. Never were there so many magazines or periodicals published in their behalf as today. Work is being done for them in such parts of the world as North Africa, Turkey, Asia Minor, Greece, Bulgaria, the Philippines,—as in the days of Bergh and Angell would have been deemed incredible. The whole question of humane slaughter of millions of food animals, slow as the progress made has been, is nearer a solution than ever before, especially when some of our great abattoirs are co-operating with humane societies toward this end.

Many as are still the habitations of cruelty, and pitiful as are yet the fortunes of unnumbered ill-treated, neglected, overloaded, suffering animals, and saddened as we must be because of this, we must still gird up our loins and take heart for the future, rejoicing at the progress that has been made. It is only about a hundred years ago that Jeremy Bentham, English scholar and jurist, and the first to advocate the protection of animals by law, prophesied the day when "humanity shall stretch her mantle over everything which breathes." We have come a long way since then.

It is up to all of us to choose. There are two ways of owning things—by loving them and not wanting to put them in your pocket, or by grabbing Life and trying to sell it. It's up to all of us to choose.

DEEPIING

The Pacifist as Traitor

BEFORE a gathering of Christian Endeavorers on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1932, in the city of Boston, a morning paper quotes a certain Colonel as saying, "When any church passes a resolution of a pacifistic nature it speaks with the lips of Judas Iscariot and any person proposing such a resolution is unworthy of being called an American citizen." What is pacifism? The last edition of Webster's Dictionary defines it as "the spirit which opposes military interests and the cost of war and preparation for it and advocates the settlement of international disputes entirely by arbitration"; and a pacifist as one "who is imbued with pacifism." Perhaps, if, as it has been reported of Judas, "it had been good for that man if he had not been born" that might also, according to this Colonel, be said of a few million of us American citizens.

Our Indian Wards

A GOOD friend of our humane cause and deeply interested in the welfare of the Indians, who have so long been under the superintendency of the Indian Bureau, while thoroughly agreeing with us with regard to the shameful condition of affairs that has prevailed, and the wrongs the Indian has suffered under the Bureau's management in the past, feels we were unjust to the present Indian Commissioner, Mr. Rhoads, in an editorial in our last issue. She says: "This I do know, the consecration and service of the present Commissioner are beyond reproach. He is doing all he can in one of the seemingly hopeless tasks he was urged to undertake." Undoubtedly, few can realize the almost insuperable obstacles to reform that the new Commissioner has had to face. Everyone must wish him the largest possible success. But after its more than eighty years of mismanagement and political control we see no promise of a fair deal for the Indian till the Bureau is abolished and some wiser and more righteous plan is adopted to secure his actual rights as an American citizen.

Little Brown Beaver

MRS. FRANCES SEAMANS

*Leaving her babies
There where they slept
Out to find food
Brown Beaver had crept.*

*Forest was still;
Nothing to fear.
How could she know
Danger was near?*

*Food? There it was.
Suddenly,—snap!
Little Brown Beaver
Caught in a trap.*

*Hours of anguish.....
Why? Is it true
Such things must happen
Dear lady, for you?*

*For you to embellish
A beautiful throat?
For you to display
A magnificent coat?*

*All night long
Gnaw and gnaw.
Come with me, lady,
See what I saw.*

*Only a beaver
Suffering pain.
God! Take that sound
Out of my brain.*

*A thing of the wilds—
Who cares how it dies?
God! Take that sight
Out of my eyes.*

ATTENTION

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and Abuse

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"Let That Woodchuck Go"

WALTER KING STONE

WHEN I was a little chap in the old Hopper Hill District school—a little red school-house,—I remember a "piece" in the reader called "Daniel Webster's First Case." The last line, into which we were taught to throw much dramatic feeling, ran, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go"! This from the farmer father of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster. I was convinced at the time and never since found reason to alter my thought that a boy who could wheedle a farmer into showing clemency to a woodchuck was bound to

they are, I venture to assert that when the last man is expiring beneath the wheels of his latest and most diabolic machine his eye will encounter old monax (I had to go to another Mr. Webster for that) sitting upright on a near-by stone-wall.

As long as he cannot be exterminated, we should make the most of him. I have chuckled often over the fine philosophy in a reply that Liberty Hyde Bailey gave to a woman who inquired, "What will I do with dandelions in my lawn?" He answered, "Enjoy them"!

Then, there is another culprit, the little cotton-tail rabbit. How my neighbor hates rabbits! They eat her young tulips. Sure enough, they eat some of mine, too, but, at best, my tulips only last a short season while my rabbits are interesting the year round. I never had the neighbors coming in droves to see my tulips but you should have seen them flock to see a soft, downy nest full of little bunnies under my raspberry bush. It made me proud, too, to think that a shy woodland creature trusted her youngsters within ten feet of my doorstep.

What are a few tulips compared with vague forms stealing across a moonlit lawn sprinkled with firefly sparkles?

There is one little cousin of old grampa woodchuck who is harmless in my garden and who is as ornamental as any flower—the chipmunk. A few years ago, some person or persons suggested that a new fashion in ladies' furs be started at the expense of the little chipmunk. I think that the gods of the woodland must have confounded them in their evil intent, for I heard nothing more of it. Imagine a roadside stone-wall without chipmunks. Also, my garden would have lost. His favorite perch is the head of a cement Indian maiden who holds our bird-bath in her lap. There he sits, clucking at me when I intrude on what he considers his rightful domain. I fear that I am indeed the interloper for his people in unnumbered generations have made their home in the rock ledge that divides the upper from the lower terrace.

Once, just once, in the dusk of a summer evening, I saw a flying squirrel join two trees on my lawn with a splendid catenary curve. I have put up boxes trying to lure them as permanent neighbors.

So I end with, "Reader, reader, you let that woodchuck (rabbit, squirrel and chipmunk) go."

Though they may levy on your garden, they will pay you something in return. Even in the winter their tracks on the snow will give life to your garden while your flowers are tucked in for the winter.

Flowers aren't all of a garden.

Be sure to read what Walter A. Dyer says about raccoons in the next (May) issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.



THE SATYR OF THE STONE-WALL

become a great pleader at law, or that Daniel's father was a soft-headed sentimentalist.

Yet here am I, a lover of gardens, in a mood to write a defensive plea for this garden thief and his cousins.

My plea is that a garden isn't just flowers. There is something more in the ensemble. I'm bound to admit that my garden without this misanthropic old rascal would lack a certain tang. What he contributes in exchange for his marauding is hard to evaluate. Aren't all charming things just as elusive? We often think with a grin of the deviltries of our youngsters while their tame submissiveness to discipline may not have the same charm, in reminiscence, at least.

I have put chicken wire around my young apple trees to save them from the satyr of the stone-wall. I have seen my young beans nibbled down before they were fairly above ground and yet, weighed against this destructiveness, there is a picturesqueness in the hoary old reprobate that has an antique quality. One puts a marble satyr at the end of a garden vista and yet it must be ancient and mossy indeed to compete with the ancient picturesqueness of this villain of the garden border.

I won't try to compete with Daniel as a special pleader. Instead, I'll defy you to do your worst against the chuck. I'll wager that should my great-grandchildren still own a little piece of land in the Berkshires this chap's descendants will still be living in the neighborhood. In fact, with man's inanimate enemies multiplying as

The Deer

ALAN B. CREIGHTON

*The whisper of a crackling sound,
Soft eyes appearing,
And then a sudden lope and bound
Beyond the clearing.*

*A distant rustle on the breeze,
Long ears retreating—
A sylvan form among slim trees
Moves gray and fleeting.*

*Ah Woods! what gentle thing awoke
In that upstarting
To vanish like a wisp of smoke—
So swift departing!*

*'Twas a moment—but a glimpse—
Yet, almost weeping,
I felt the joy of woodland nymphs
Within me leaping!*

Burro Runs Train

A United Press dispatch from Quartzville, Oregon, says that an educated burro, the "midnight express," operates over the Quartzville trail connecting miners of that area with the outside world. The burro travels the road alone, carrying mail and orders for supplies from operators of a placer mine to Roberts station, twelve miles down stream.

This train, like all others, carries its identifying sound — a bray instead of a whistle—and never fails to make its arrival known. This is the first known case of a burro operating under its own direction.

The illustration on front cover shows Miss Webb-Peploe of Ilmington, England, exercising her champion Shire horses which she trains herself. She has won several prizes and was the only woman exhibitor at the last Shire Horse Show in London.



Photo by Kilroy Harris

"BLACK BEAR IS BY NATURE SHY AND INOFFENSIVE"

The Great Bear Bogy

WALTER A. DYER

I AM convinced that the bear's reputation for ferocity is largely the result of folk lore. Many are the stories that have come down to us of bears that have carried off children, and it was not so very long ago that ill-advised parents and nurses sought to frighten children into obedience by warning them that a bear would get them if they weren't good. It was always a bear. How often have bears and ghosts peopled the mysterious dark for such terrified little ones. In Shakespeare's time the bear was the symbol for an unknown object of fear. "How easy," said he, "is a bush supposed a bear."

Of course, there is Biblical authority for this tradition. When irascible Elisha was annoyed by the children who mocked him and called him "bald head," he turned and cursed them, and two she-bears came out of the wood and slew forty-two of them. A nice bedtime story for little Hebrew boys and girls.

I believe it is quite true that the big, shaggy brown bear of Europe is, or once was, a dangerous animal, and most of the folk-lore stories came from Europe. For his crimes the gentler North American bear has unjustly suffered.

Traditionally it has been considered a virtue to kill a bear—a mark of special courage and prowess. There may have been some excuse for it in the early days when bears were more numerous and took toll of the pioneer's scanty flocks and herds, but today bear killing is done for glory by so-called sportsmen, or for profit by fur traders. Consequently the bear population of North America has been decreasing at an alarming rate, and in spite of protective laws there is yet danger that the bear may go the way of the elk and the bison.

I must confess that my personal acquaintance with bears has been limited. I have watched them in zoos, and much as I disapprove of zoos, I must admit that the bears seemed far less unhappy in captivity than animals of the cat tribe. Their sense of humor, their playfulness, and their curiosity concerning the ludicrous creatures outside the bars seem to help them to support the boredom of their environment.

I am happy to say that the dancing bear seems to have disappeared from our American streets and that this exhibition of man's degradation and a beast's humiliation has apparently not paid. I can remember the sight in my boyhood—an Italian with a long stick and a foreign-looking costume; a huge brown bear held by a chain attached to a ring in his nose, standing on his hind legs and performing unnatural antics at

the command of his master; the hat passed around for pennies. Let's have no more of that!

Not being, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord, I have never gone bear hunting, and I think the only time I ever saw a wild bear was quite by accident. Several years ago my wife and I were spending the night in a shelter of balsam boughs on the top of Blue Mountain in the Adirondacks. At some time in the night she woke me up.

"What's that?"

I looked sleepily out over the little clearing at the summit of the mountain. Our fire had died down but the landscape was flooded with moonlight. I saw something moving and rubbed my eyes open just in time to see a young bear shambling off into the brush. I got a great thrill out of that, and it was not a thrill of fear. I only wish I might have seen the mother, too, before she departed, for I have no doubt she paid us a call. I think I may truly say that wild bears are just about as dangerous as that.

Apart from the white polar bear of the Arctic regions, there are three native species of bears on the North American continent—the black bear, the grizzly, and the Alaska brown bear. The black bear, known in some sections as the cinnamon bear, has been found, with slight variations, in all parts of the United States. It was a black bear that I saw on Blue Mountain, and it is the half-tame black bear that is familiar to many visitors in our National parks, where happily the breed is protected. The black bear is by nature shy and inoffensive. I fancy he is more common than we think, for he has learned from bitter experience to keep out of the way of men. I have sometimes wondered how often, in a blueberry pasture, we may be watched unawares by the bright eyes of a black bear.

The grizzly is the big bear of the Rocky Mountains, concerning whose ferocity we have our own American folk-lore. Perhaps the grizzly was once more savage and aggressive than today, but a sort of evolution has taken care of that. Man killers have been hunted down and slain, and the survivors have been those who preferred to seek safety in flight. Of course, no one in his senses would deliberately annoy a wild grizzly, and a wounded one is a bad actor. A mother grizzly, too, may be expected to protect her cubs very effectively. The prophet Hosea noted the ferocity of a bear bereaved of her whelps. But I believe that a wild grizzly in the Rocky Mountains is far safer than an automobile on the highway. "A grizzly," said Theodore Roosevelt in one of his books, "will fight only if wounded or cornered, or at least, if he thinks himself cornered."

The Alaska grizzly, a 1200-pound giant, is closely akin to the Rocky Mountain variety. His neighbor is the Alaska brown bear, of which there are four or five varieties. The largest of these is the Kadiak bear, whose hide may measure as much as ten feet in length. To the naturalist and the photographer, these are the most interesting wild animals on the continent, and those who have closely observed them report that they are relatively harmless.

The Alaska bears, however, have their enemies and their traducers, and thousands of them have been killed by fur hunters and sheep raisers. Today they are threatened with extermination. Protective game laws have been difficult to enforce in Alaska at best, and in 1930 those laws were so liberalized, at the behest of cattlemen and other special interests, that protection is now virtually non-existent.

In order to save the bears of Alaska from total extinction, a movement is now on foot, sponsored by the American Society of Mammalogists, the New York Zoological Society, and other conservationists, to secure more adequate game laws and also to set aside Chichagof and Admiralty Islands as permanent wild-life sanctuaries or national parks. This movement, if successful, will also save many square miles of virgin forest from the wood-pulp industry.

Admiralty Island, off southeastern Alaska, is about ninety miles long and from twenty to forty miles wide. Chichagof is somewhat smaller. There is little or no cattle raising on these islands because the grazing is poor, but they furnish an ideal home for bears. It is estimated that there are now 5,000 brown and grizzly bears living on these two islands, or half the entire bear population of Alaska.

Now is the time to save these bears and their forest homes before the Government allows the pulp mills to be built. If you want to help, drop a line to Mr. John M. Holzworth, American Society of Mammalogists, 120 Broadway, New York, and ask for full information.

The bear is by all odds the noblest wild animal extant on this continent, and I for one wish I knew him better. He possesses courage, dignity, and humor. He harms fewer people annually than the deer hunter does. Why kill him?

Day-Old Chicks in Mails

Solicitous for the life and comfort of day-old chicks who are beginning to travel by mail to their new homes, the Postmaster General has issued the following instructions concerning the care of day-old chicks en route:

Shipments of day-old chicks are commencing. Last year some complaints were received of the death of day-old chicks in transit, probably due to their being placed too near stoves or steam pipes, or on account of the parcels being so stacked and surrounded with other mail matter as to prevent sufficient circulation of fresh air. All concerned will please use special care to prevent trouble of this kind.

Postmasters are reminded that day-old chicks may be sent in the mail only when they can be delivered to the addressee within seventy-two hours from the time of hatching. They must not be accepted for shipment to more distant points even if the shipper is willing to take the risk.

In handling day-old chicks, the following rules should be observed:

Postmasters should caution shippers of day-old chicks not to make shipments so late in the week that they are likely to lie over in transit or reach destination on Sundays or holidays.

Handle the parcels with special care.

Do not give food or water to the chicks while in transit.



Wide World Photo

One Bark, "Go"; Two, "Stop"

Unmindful of traffic swirling about him, "Jack," a collie dog, keeps his daily vigil at the post of Traffic Officer James Corbey at Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Every day for the past 4 years, Jack has trotted up to the traffic signal as soon as Officer Corbey comes on duty and remains there until the policeman finishes work at night. No weather, no matter how severe, can keep the dog away from his post. At one time, Jack used to escort school children safely across the street, but age is beginning to tell, and now he is content to sit and watch. He will never make a good policeman, though, says Officer Corbey, because he would be too easily bribed with a piece of sausage.

Dispatch as quickly as possible, and deliver to addressee promptly upon arrival at office of destination.

Do not place packages in mail bags or cover with other mail matter.

Always keep parcels right side up and as near level as possible.

Do not stack for any considerable length of time, unless sufficient space is left between boxes for ventilation.

Do not expose to cold winds or hot sun, or place near hot pipes, stoves, or radiators.

Protect them from all extremes of cold or heat.

The Mongrel

WALTER KLAYE

HOW many of us have ever considered the no-account mongrel dog that romps about the cities, villages and farmyards? True, there's not to be found the dignity of an Irish setter or the hauteur of the Boston bull, but there is something about him which arouses in us all more than the average measure of affection. His companionship is generally recognized as being more desirable than all the fancy pure-breds you can shake a stick at.

Perhaps it is his humble birth which seems to have tempered his nature with something warm, fine and malleable that makes him forever one of the crowd. When he is so informally introduced to you, his tail wags with glorious abandon; his eyes glow with a degree of happiness that is not a pose and, if there is the slightest reciprocation on your part, he gently licks your hand or places his paws on your clean shirt front. "Charmed! Let us be friends," he seems to say.

No! there's nothing aloof about the mongrel. Never would he stand statuesque, like an Airedale, gazing stonily at some distant point. Cosmopolitan—that's the word. The mongrel is downright cosmopolitan. He lives up to the best traditions of a "continually-on-the-go" set of people.

Perhaps it's his philosophy of life. Where can you find a mongrel that is not an incorrigible optimist? He may chase rabbits day after day, week after week, without ever making a catch, but buoyant hope, ever surging within, never leaves him. He never loses confidence in himself; he never acquires an inferiority complex. His tongue may be hanging out of his mouth and his sides heaving like a miniature bellows, when the long-eared "jack" bounds away through the brush, but the gay manner with which he trots off to other affairs is a splendid sight to behold. Intuitively—you know—he is telling himself that the rabbit was probably a tough old customer anyway, not fit for anyone to eat. That's the kind of philosophy that makes life endurable for folks who fall a trifle short of their ambitions.

Or, again, perhaps it's his emotionalism; a willingness to share his joys and sorrows with his friends. You can always tell what a mongrel is thinking about. He yawns or he snaps at you; perhaps he noses about you in a most friendly manner. If by chance he is dejected, every line of his body tells you so. Watch his eyes and you can read there his droll observations concerning life and things in general. Contrast such disarming frankness with the inscrutability of a Great Dane or the dull demeanor of a Pekingese. It is not for us to contend that the mongrel always has the depth of character common to the mastiff or the intellectuality of a German police, but he has personality and a warm heart. Poker faces may be useful, but people do not always love them.

Thus it is quite easy to understand why he wins the affections of those about him. All of us welcome affection from certain sources and to certain degrees, and a mongrel—just a plain dog—has a certain type of affection to lavish upon those of us who will accept it.

Animals in Transit

ROY E. BAIRD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Such extreme cases of negligence in the transportation of animals as that recorded here are fortunately becoming less and less frequent in this country. If the railroad was not sued for such a violation of the federal law for the transportation of animals, somebody was seriously at fault.

If every stock car, horse-carrying truck or cattle boat had its "Bell of Atri" to plead "the cause of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws," as Longfellow put it, who can imagine the bell-ringing din that animals in transit might set up?

Whether in the city or country, an animal is reasonably sure of decent treatment as long as its feet are on terra firma—thanks oftentimes to the network of humane societies, but when the same animal boards a train, motor truck, or ship, what happens during the following hours, days, or even weeks, is too often likely to be nobody's business and nobody's knowledge.

Even when the owner takes all possible precautions, either carelessness or incompetency of transportation employees or officials may result in the worst kind of torture to the animal being shipped. For instance, the owner of two very valuable thoroughbred horses, before shipping them from Chicago to North Carolina, saw that they were properly comfortable for their 36-hour trip in one-half of a freight car partly filled with household goods. The owner specified, and was assured, that the journey was to be made by the shortest and quickest route possible, by way of Cincinnati. The 36 hours necessary for the trip passed; a tracer was sent, but the car and horses could be found nowhere. Finally, three days later, the car was located in Birmingham, Alabama, after having been sent on a circuitous tour to St. Louis, Memphis, Birmingham and other points South. The horses eventually reached their Carolina destination, after more than five days' travel on a part of a barrel of water and a half bale of hay between them!

One of these two horses, being a much traveled show horse and accustomed to the ways of the road, came through the experience not much the worse for wear, but its stable mate acquired a shoe-boil and was out of condition for entering a horse show three weeks later.

At the time of this same horse show, the writer saw a horse tied without any protection or support whatever in one end of a baggage car on a limited train to be whisked around curves and over a mountain range on a section of road that has few equals for short, sharp turns and steep grades.

Again, a friend of the writer accompanied a shipment of Missouri mules to Spain, and tells well-substantiated facts about conditions on one boat. Most of the gruesome details are almost unbelievable and entirely unsuitable for print, but nevertheless are true. Tagged for Toledo, Spain, in the middle of the summer, the mules were packed in a dark hold far below the water line with almost no light or ventilation, and with no sanitary provisions except spasmodic drainage of quarters by man-wielded buckets.

It is hardly to be expected that many horse or animal owners can afford to pro-

vide mammoth, palatial motor lorries or private yachts for transportation. However, any owner can be sure that the conveyance is properly padded and that there is some provision for the animal to brace itself, that horses and dogs are blanketed in inclement weather, and that plenty of bedding, food, and water are supplied on shorter hauls and arrangements made for replenishment of such on the longer trips.

And whether the means of transportation is train, motor, or boat, there is a challenge not only to the shipper or owner to demand or provide proper care for animals in transit, but it is also the duty—humanely, if not legally—of officials and employees of transportation systems to provide the utmost comfort possible for them.

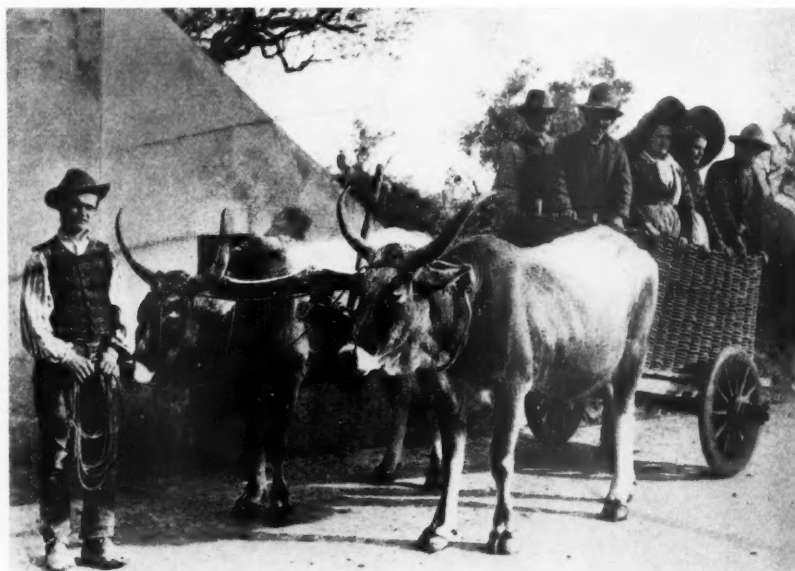
Leading and Driving Horses

WILLIS MEHANNA

During winter I do much work in hauling up big saw-logs from my timber to the sawmill. As the ground is sometimes rough and the logs big and heavy, my team of horses have hard work to do.

I have learned that when hauling logs through brush and trees it is better for me to get in front of my horses and quietly lead them than it is to drive them from behind. By my leading them they do their work with much less effort and worry and it is easier for them. It becomes second nature for our domestic animals to depend on us for almost everything and it is our duty to help them as much as it is theirs to help us. I make no apology for hauling up saw-logs for it is necessary to have lumber to build shelters for man and animals.

Washington loved good horses and was himself a magnificent horseman. There was never a horse foaled that he could not ride, and it was his custom when at home to break colts himself. Guests at the mansion who were accommodated with mounts, testified to the General's skill in this delicate task. He was a keen judge of horse-flesh.



RETURNING FROM A DAY IN THE FIELDS, SIENA, ITALY

Horses in the World's Work

LOUISE R. MARSHALL

BOYS and girls of the present day are not accustomed to seeing farmers plowing with oxen. In the pioneer days of our country the settlers did not have as many horses as were needed, some of them had none, so they had to resort to the slow-plodding oxen in breaking up and cultivating their fields. In sparsely settled regions of the West there are still herds of wild horses roaming the plains.

History tells us that the first domesticated horses appeared in Babylonia about 2,000 B. C. They were introduced into Egypt by the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, who came from the north and east of Syria and conquered lower Egypt in the seventeenth century, B. C. In both these cases the horse was preceded by many centuries by the ox and the ass.

From these facts and a few other scraps of evidence one may picture the first domestication of the horse as occurring in central Asia. Probably it was accomplished by a people composed largely of nomadic herdsmen to whom the convenience of riding would be obvious. Sooner or later the mounted nomad came to realize the measure of his advantage over the man who traveled and fought on foot, and was encouraged to wander farther afield, conquering as he went.

In any case, the horse (either as a charger or harnessed to a chariot) became in very early times an important factor in war. The use of the horse for work-a-day purposes of transport and tillage is comparatively modern. In Britain, for example, oxen were the common plow animals until the end of the eighteenth century.

While automobiles have greatly replaced horses as a means of travel, and tractors have relieved them of much heavy work, those who have ever owned a horse know that no mere machine can ever take the place in their hearts of that faithful animal whose kin have been the friends and servants of mankind since the dawn of history.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1932

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

A Serious Misunderstanding

A LADY who recently died in this state left word in her will that in case her executors deem it unwise to care for any of her animals that were left they should not be killed by means of the lethal chamber, a method now used by societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. She preferred, rather, that they should be shot. Evidently this lady had been seriously misinformed as to the humane method of destroying small animals. The lethal chamber where ordinary gas is used is the humanest way of putting small animals to sleep that our Society has been able to discover, and is the method almost universally used in this country and abroad. The animal goes to sleep without any consciousness of pain or suffering as human beings do who use the same method to end their own lives. The effect is on the blood, deadening the red corpuscles. There is no sense of choking or suffocation. For large animals, of course, there is nothing producing instantaneous death like the bullet.

We have had the testimony of the most expert veterinary scientists in the land that there is no more humane way of securing the death of dogs and cats than that which we use. If there were a better we would not hesitate to adopt it, for none but the most humane method is worthy of consideration.

Mrs. Fiske and the Rodeo

While on the Pacific coast the late Mrs. Fiske, America's leading actor (or actress?), went to see a rodeo at Livermore, Washington. Among the things she said of it are these:

"A series of outrageous cruelties for the entertainment and enlightenment of a few hundred pleasure-seeking people. I am leaving this beautiful state saddened at what happened at a rodeo, a sport which has no parallel in cruelty in America. The snapping of a roped steer's horn and its agonized bellowing could be heard all over the arena."

Strange after this is it to read the words of Walter H. Osborn, representing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when he says: "The whole thing is run on a scientific basis. There was not a single instance of cruelty to man or beast."

The Hounds of Hollywood

UNDER this heading a glowing article, condensed from *The Country Gentleman*, January, 1932, appeared in *The Reader's Digest* telling about the treatment of animals in the making of motion pictures at Hollywood—telling some things which, from what we must accept as trustworthy authority, are not so. The whole article has the characteristic marks of a write-up designed to give the public the impression that all the animals used in the making of motion pictures are trained and treated with great kindness. Many of us were not at all misled by the author's account of what she had been told. Among other things she said, "Under the California law a representative of the Humane Society is always present when we shoot animal pictures, or have any animal in a picture." Our correspondent, an official of a California Humane Society, writes, "This is entirely imaginary. The state law does not mention the use of animals in pictures. However, we do endeavor to have an officer present when possible, and we firmly believe we have eliminated a great deal of cruelty where animals are concerned. But there are many pictures taken when no officer is present or when even we do not know an animal is being used, due to the fact we have not been able to educate the motion picture directors to notify us when an animal is being used in pictures."

Then this glowing account tells us of the wonderful dogs trained for the movies, some 80 of them, whose trainer knows them all by name and even knows the voice of each. "Sometimes," he says, "they begin barking at night. I'd have all the cops in town on my neck if I couldn't keep them quiet. So I know their voices—know who's making the row. I simply have to ask them to be reasonable—politely, you understand, politely."

"At night," explained Renfro, "if one of them starts baying, I hardly ever fail to quiet him by calling from the house. Just call him by name and ask him to let a body sleep. Unless it's something pretty bad it always works."

And of course it is stated all the training is done with "kindness always." We never have seen an animal trainer exhibit his animals who did not take pains to tell his audience that only by kindness has he persuaded his animals to perform their various stunts. Humane societies have had too much experience with many of these men not to know how much cruelty is often hidden behind such words.

The superintendent had severely criticized the trainmaster for laxity in reporting accidents.

Only a few days later, the superintendent received the following wire—"Man fell off platform in front of speeding engine."

To which the superintendent wired—"Advise details."

The trainmaster replied—"No one hurt; engine was backing up."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

The Dean and the Deer

AT the Liverpool, England, Cathedral a few weeks ago this interesting variation from the usual service occurred: The Royal S. P. C. A., having taken a case into court against the cruelty involved in releasing a tame deer to be hunted, and losing, the Society was forced by the court to pay the costs of the proceedings, some sixty dollars. The following Sunday morning the Dean spoke of the case and said: "Worshippers in the Cathedral will count it an obligation to stand by any, who, having taken action in the spirit of Christ, are ordered to pay a price. If you wish to have the opportunity to reimburse the Royal S. P. C. A. that £15, 15s which the Hythe magistrates laid upon it for its action, contributions may be sent to the Dean." We shall take off our hat to this fine Dean if we ever meet him.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske

The following letter appeared in the *Boston Transcript* a few days after the sad news came of Mrs. Fiske's death:

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:

I shall greatly appreciate it if the *Transcript* will give me the opportunity through this brief letter to speak of the loss the humane cause has sustained in the death of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Through the long years of my acquaintance with her it was the first subject of conversation that arose when we met. No matter how exacting the demands made upon her strength and her time by her appointments in the theater, she was eager and ready always to address any group that could be brought together in the places where she appeared to talk to them about the claim of animal life for justice and compassion. Should a Hall of Fame ever be opened for those who have served heroically this great cause, her name should surely be there.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
Boston, Feb. 18

Robert Ingersoll and "Robin"

The most of our readers will remember Robert Ingersoll, so often quoted a few years ago. His sister-in-law sends us a letter he wrote to his brother upon the death of a favorite horse, a handsome black of Morgan blood:

Dear Brother:

Old "Robin" is dead. We found him this morning lying dead in his stall. He was perfectly well yesterday, and we drove him out over the hills among the autumn trees touched with the colors of death.

Poor old horse! For years and years he drew day after day up and down the streets and out on the winding roads the ones I love. In his care, for years, were entrusted the priceless ones. To his honor be it said that he was faithless never. True at all places and at all times. I hope as much can be said of me.

Well! I owed him nothing. He lived in plenty. He died filled with horse-dainties. If there is no other world, he had the best in this.

Yours always,
ROBERT

Peoria, Illinois, October 16, 1876



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	15,154
Cases investigated.	655
Animals examined.	4,478
Number of prosecutions.	14
Number of convictions.	13
Horses taken from work.	36
Horses humanely put to sleep.	41
Small animals humanely put to sleep.	856
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.	36,373
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.	28

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Eugenia Tiffany of Worcester, Mary E. Bullard of West-boro, Florence England of Winthrop, and Annie L. Sears of Waltham.

March 8, 1932.

In February Mr. L. Raymond Talbot, representing the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., gave two illustrated talks on animals at the Cobbett Junior High School, Lynn, and one each at the College du Sacre-Coeur, Sharon, and Junior High School, Milton, reaching an aggregate of 1,100 pupils.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

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Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary
Cases entered	559	Cases 1,758
Dogs	415	Dogs 1,389
Cats	131	Cats 330
Birds	7	Birds 36
Horses	4	Horses 3
Monkeys	2	
Operations	547	
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915		101,012
Dispensary Cases		215,822
Total		316,834

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS Summary of Prosecutions in February

For failing to provide proper feed for his cows a defendant was convicted and fined \$50.

For working a horse afflicted with galls on shoulders, defendant was fined \$50 in lower court; he appealed and fine was sustained in Superior Court.

Non-sheltering hogs, offender convicted and case filed.

Setting illegal traps, defendant was fined in lower court \$50; he appealed but later withdrew appeal and paid fine.

Non-sheltering swine, fine \$10.

Failure to provide proper food for three dogs, guilty, case filed.

For cruelty to a horse, which consisted of pulling him by the neck behind his auto and clubbing him, defendant was fined \$25.

Non-feeding hens, fine \$25 and one month suspended sentence.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon dog and injuring him, a hit-and-run driver of an auto was convicted and fined \$50.

Two defendants (man and wife) were found guilty of failing to provide proper food for two horses and eight head of cattle. They were each given a sentence of one month to the House of Correction, suspended for six months. One cow was ordered killed and hay and grain provided for other animals.

For non-feeding horse, a ten days' suspended sentence was imposed.

Non-sheltering horses, defendant convicted and paid \$15 as costs.

Unnecessarily failing to provide proper food for four horses, defendant was sentenced to the House of Correction for two months. An order for the killing of two of the horses was issued by the court.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Strange Pets

THE lady about whose faithful kindness to a crippled coon—crippled by the steel trap through which it lost its leg—Thornton Burgess has told the public over the radio, has written us a beautiful letter which we wish we could publish in full. Coons are not the only small creatures of the wild that she has learned to love and whose trust she has won. She tells us this:

I have ten pet skunks. We have no fear of them, they are so very well behaved.

No hungry or homeless animal have we ever turned away, and when, some three years ago, five little motherless skunks appeared at our wood-house door begging for food, they were rewarded, and from then on a friendship for these little things was formed which has lasted up to the present time, although the first five were probably caught in the boy's trap next door—greatly to our regret. Others came. Two years ago we had eight when they hibernated, six coming back in the spring, and ten last November when they left us for the winter with two "strangers." We are eagerly awaiting their return, which should be in about two weeks. We taught them to mount little "steps" suitable for their short legs and get into my lap to be fed.

They have three courses—one "hearty," cereal with milk and sugar, and a dish of plain milk. They know exactly which dish they want and it is funny to see them. They are very bright and teachable. Often there are two in my lap at the same time and it is a pretty sight. Their fur is like satin from the constant "grooming" of my hand and I take great pleasure and comfort with them. They very much disapproved of the coon and we had the most amusing experience, but all became good friends and would eat out of the same dish, their noses close together. After we had tamed the coon, he disappeared for three weeks only to return a poor, pitiful cripple with one of his hind legs gone—a ghastly sight—and so thin! He could only hop one step at a time and his condition made us most wretched. He is a cripple for life. After Mr. Burgess' broadcast, at the time of the steel trap referendum, when he told the story of our dear "Bobby-coon" in a most touching and appealing manner, he wrote, "I hope you feel Bobby-coon did not suffer in vain, for I know it cast many votes in the right direction."

During the excavation of Tell-el-Ajjul, a very large Hyksos camp near Gaza, Palestine, the British School of Egyptian Archaeology discovered the skeleton of a great horse buried with its master in a grave of the Bronze Age.

*The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the Morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,—
All's right with the world!*

ROBERT BROWNING



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Field Lecturers in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott L. Raymond Talbot

From a Field Worker

I AM glad to report another month of service. It has been a very full one; but I have enjoyed it all. I have been over some very bad roads, reaching new fields and trying to help sow the seed that shall bring in the new day. Some of the teachers, in these new fields, were so glad to welcome the work because they saw it was just what they so much needed to help them in reaching some of their children that were so very unkind. One of the teachers reported to me that unless some relief had come, there was nothing that she saw to do but send some of the children home because they were so rude. A change has come to that school. The children begin to see what it means to each of them to be kind. Each one of them has pledged to be kind to every living creature. It is impossible for any one ever to estimate what our American Humane Education Society means to the youth of our land.

He—"How do bees dispose of their honey?"

She—"They cell it!"



January Report from Fez

	31 Days	Francs	Dollars
Daily average, large animals	77	4,062.00	\$160.55
Forage for same			
Daily average, dogs	11	180.25	7.11
Forage for same			
Put to sleep	30	105.00	4.17
Cost		248.00	9.76
Transportation			
Wages:			
Inspector's Wages		2,439.50	96.38
Supt.'s Wages		2,000.00	
Veterinary's Wages		400.00	193.68
Sec'y Gen'l's Wages		2,500.00	
Motor allowance		250.00	9.88
Sundries		951.00	38.01
Total		13,135.75	\$519.54
Entries, 92: horses, 11; mules, 19; donkeys, 62.			
Exits, 67: horses, 5; mules, 17; donkeys, 45.			
Put to sleep: horses, 4; mules, 4; donkeys, 22; total, 30.			

Here is a reproduction of the photograph of Larbi Guessous, our outside Inspector with semi-police powers and authority and declared to be acceptable to the municipal and military officials as worthy and competent. Guessous is of a well-known Fez family. He was recommended to us by the British vice-consul as "throughout his service at the consulate as usher and 'all round man' having given complete satisfaction." He patrols constantly the streets, confiscating instruments of torture, cutting strings or straps that are wounding the pack animals and bringing into the Fondouk bad cases for treatment. During his first fifteen days he brought in no less than 350 needles—these needles are fastened to the ends of sticks with which to prod the horse or donkey or mule. Our authority over animals in Fez is being increasingly recognized and when we forbid the use of an animal until it is fit for work our order is obeyed.

Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

Charles Sumner

Deer Intuition and Courage

HUGH LEE MORRIS

HIDDEN back in the recess of a deer's brain is an instinctive intuition that surpasses that of many men. Faced with sudden danger it many times acts with super-intelligence to protect itself and young.

Almost all wild animals flee when frightened with no regard for direction. Escape from their enemy is the sole objective, but not so with the deer. Arouse it suddenly from its bed, and it runs a short distance and stops. Rearing its head in the air it sniffs of the wind. If the wind is blowing from the enemy, the deer makes a circle around it and continues its flight. If the wind is from any other direction, it flees running against the wind.

The intuition of self-preservation causes a deer to invariably run against the wind. In this way it detects the presence of enemies. They rely solely on eyesight and smell to warn them of approaching danger. A deer in full flight does not have time to observe closely unfamiliar objects, but relies on its sense of smell to protect it.

In their natural haunts they will stand for hours at a time as immobile as a statue. These are the times when they rely most on their eyesight for protection. They do not move at the approach of an enemy unless the proximity is too close, for their state of immobility has made them a part of the landscape. To the average person they are almost indiscernible.

A mother deer who has securely hidden her young in some bushy recess, cannot be driven away from that locality. Neither can she be driven to the particular recess in which her young are hidden. Her sole objective is to concentrate the enemy's attention on herself. When she has succeeded she affects sudden fright, and leads the enemy as far away as possible. Later, when she has eluded the enemy, she returns.

The same instinct and courage that makes her willing to risk her life to protect her young, makes her an arch enemy of snakes. Harmless snakes are passed up without notice, but when one of the poisonous kind such as the deadly rattler is discovered one of nature's most spectacular battles ensues.

Calmly and deliberately the deer will attract the snake's attention by walking around and around it. Finally becoming suspicious, or angry, the snake throws itself into a coil ready to strike. This is exactly what the deer wants it to do, for when it lay stretched out on the ground its slim body is much more difficult to hit than if coiled in a mat-like mass.

Continuing to walk around the rattler the deer watches for an opportunity to use its most deadly weapon — its knife-like hoofs on its front feet. When it sees an opportunity it leaps into the air, coming down front feet first into the mass of snake flesh. As quickly as it hits the snake it is in the air again to prevent the strike which it knows will come if the snake is given an opportunity.

Usually the first leap enables the deer either to break the back of the snake or to tear jagged holes in its flesh. But it does not stop with the one leap. Again and again it plunges its sharp hoofs into the

mass of flesh and bone until nothing remains but a minced mass.

Given frail antlers, slim legs, and a small body, deer have very little means of physical protection, but nature has recompensed the physical lack by endowing them with an intelligence akin to that of a human.

The Burro

MARGARET WHEELER ROSS

*Slowly they move with ricks upon their backs,
Picking their way, sure-footed, on the trail;
Strong bands, drawn tight, about their heaving sides,
The weight of centuries in their heavy packs;
Job-patient creatures, they will never fail
The prodding men, who follow in their tracks,
And urge them onward—hard unyielding guides;
Miner, and huckster, woodman, water-van,
Herder of sheep, they serve the needs of man.*

*They carried Mary, bearing the Christ-child,
On the long journey to Bethlehem;
They bore the Savior, riding in triumph,
Into the city of Jerusalem.
They have been honored above all other
Beasts of the forest, the jungle, the plains;
Their eyes beheld Him—Infant and Ruler,
Their ears recorded the heavenly strains.*

*Humble and lowly, "Blessed are the meek,"
Gentle and kindly, little do they ask;
But when the history of the West is told,
Stories of conquests, of brave pioneers,
Reclaiming deserts, and searching for gold,
Building new cities—may some clear voice speak,
Telling the glory of their well-done task;
Climbing, sure-footed, on the narrow trail,
Job-patient creatures, they will never fail.*

Sixty-four Years a Reader

From W. A. Fox, publisher of *The Era*, Rochester, Michigan:

In 1868 I was living in East Saginaw, Michigan, where my father was city editor of *The Saginaw Enterprise*. One day he brought home a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, just founded by the late George T. Angell. Every month the periodical was brought to our home. In 1871 my father and I removed to Milford, Michigan, and *Our Dumb Animals* followed us. In 1873 we removed to Rochester, Michigan, and instead of *The Milford Era* it was *The Rochester Era* and *Our Dumb Animals* came on; so you will see that I have been reading your wonderful and inspiring periodical for sixty-four years without a break, during all of which time it has been an inspiration to me—first as a small boy, later all through the years as a man. All these years, on its welcome appearance nearly everything in its table of contents has been and is being read by me. Even as I write, Volume 65, No. 1, is at my left hand, and I know that your fight and that of Mr. Angell before you has been of success and a great factor in lessening the cruelty to animals all over the nation. Further success to you in your work.

Animals—by William Lyon Phelps

LOVE all animals except insects, snakes and reptiles; and on those I would inflict no suffering or torture, but only a sudden and successful death. Persons who love to associate with snakes must see in those wriggling creatures some elements of beauty or charm or interest forever closed to me. The fact that some snakes are venomous and some are not makes no difference. I quite sympathize with Jim in "Huckleberry Finn," who said he might be able to manage with garter-snakes, but would really prefer to have no snakes at all.

Many hard things have been said about men and women. Swift said he hated and despised that animal called man; in his Utopia the citizens were all horses. Yet I think that it is only by associating with men and women that animals become really interesting. And in countries where horses are particularly cultivated, like England, for example, some men and women get to resemble horses in appearance and in speech. The great novelist, George Eliot, had a face like a horse. The late Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia, who knew George Eliot well, said she looked like a horse; and if one could imagine a very sad horse, one would see the shape and expression of her face.

I envy the man or woman who mounts on horseback with no more fear than mounting a bicycle; in fact, you can often see that the mounting is mechanical; the rider is actually thinking of something else!

But with me, if I take the reins even of a grocery horse, there is something in the manner of my gingerly touch that fills even the mildest horse with contempt. Up to that moment he may have been staid, stodgy, middle-aged, even venerable, but the moment he feels me on the other end of the lines, his wild and untamed youth returns. It is as if the most conservative statesman became suddenly Bolshevik.

As for mounting on horseback, I had rather cross the Atlantic alone in an airplane. When a four-legged animal becomes perpendicular, standing firmly on the hind legs, and gesticulating like a popular orator with the front legs, just what does one do, I wonder?

Of all animals, dogs are the most charming, the most companionable; but this is partly owing to their absolute servility. It is true that the face of a large dog often has a noble, dignified, benignant expression. If we did not know the truth, we might imagine that he enjoyed independence and serenity. But this is not the case. The dog is so wholly dependent on some human being that he has no resources of his

own. The only unrelieved tragedy for a dog is freedom; a free dog is more unhappy than a human slave.

One reason why men love dogs is because the dog is such a successful flatterer. It is encouraging to a man on his return to the house to be received with such tremendous enthusiasm. Women may love us, but they know us more accurately. They are more discriminating.

No household is really complete without a cat. To come into a room flustered and worried, petulant and irritated, and then be greeted by the cat with one prodigious yawn, is a lesson in self-command. "Why so hot, little man?"

No beauty in the world of a quiescent nature is equal to the lazy grace of a cat. Men and women actually hire famous nerve specialists to teach them merely how to relax, how to go to bed without trying to hold the bed down. But the cat pours its furry body out on the floor like a glass of water. It stretches in a luxurious ease that is the acme of bodily coordination. And it is the only animal that from a position of complete relaxation can leap far and straight.

A dog gives himself away in his dreams; he is the real exponent of Freudism; but a cat, awake or asleep, never gives himself away. I wish I knew what a cat's dreams are like.

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We urge all members of the Jack London club to express their disapproval of offensive trained animal acts whenever and wherever possible. Both stage and screen are under public censorship. Let them be enjoined from catering cruelty as well as crime.

A recent newspaper item states that the plumage of the kingfisher will be the thing in millinery this spring. Watch the importers and dealers for illegal importations, and report to the authorities or to the Audubon Societies.



ATTRACTIVE FOUNTAIN FOR HORSES

This fountain and trough made of concrete and faced with cobblestones, is located along a California highway. It is provided with a faucet so that motorists may obtain water for motor cars.

The Rocky Mountain Jay

ESTHER E. REEKS

HIGH up among the firs and spruces of the western mountains and far to the north in Canada, lives a jay quite unknown to the lower regions. This is *Pericoreus canadensis*, otherwise called, according to locality, the Canadian, or Rocky Mountain, jay.

To become acquainted in its native haunts with this unusual member of a family elsewhere noted for its gay—though sometimes questionable—ways, is an experience not soon forgotten. For associated with it is the thrill of the wild, high places with their smell of balsam and pine, and their sights and sounds known only to those who have the hardihood to leave civilization behind and venture into the land of the primitive where nature reigns supreme, whether it be on some high mountain slope or well to the north, where winters are long and summers short.

The Canadian and Rocky Mountain jays, unlike many of their relatives, while not unfriendly to man, will have none of his sophistication; and though they will frequent his newly-made camp with a fearless comradeship, as soon as it becomes a permanent settlement they will retire to regions of greater solitude.

There seems to be some difference of opinion as to what bird is rightfully termed the "camp robber," but many mountaineers know this one as such. Not that it is a wanton thief, pilfering objects of whatever sort that attract its attention, as are the crow and the magpie; its interest is solely in the matter of food, and whatever the camper's provender may be, it hopes for a share.

There is nothing of the inpatient self-assurance of other jays about this one. True, it comes to any feast in sight without a special invitation, but its quiet air of unassuming confidence is sure to win for it a ready welcome. Unlike most birds that live in the wilds, it seems to be absolutely without fear of man. Hold out an inviting morsel, and it will soon alight on your hand to take it.

The feathers of the Canadian jay are looser and more fluffy than those of other jays, and its colors are less brilliant. The back, wings, and tail are ashy gray, while the breast and head are pearly white, with a black or dark gray band across the back of the latter.

Sacrificing for Animals

A correspondent in a distant state tells us about her husband being out of work and seeking it many miles from home. Though unsuccessful, he was with his wife over Washington's birthday. She writes:

We talked of "money matters" and the things that must, apparently, "go to the wall," for the present. I said: "One thing I feel that I should care for, as usual, the Mass. Soc'y for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Humans can, in the very nature of things, 'manage somehow' but 'dumb brothers' are so absolutely dependent upon humans for *everything*, that it is 'up to us' to do what we can to mitigate their lot!"

She enclosed the usual check for our work, wishing it were more.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN JAY

Eagles as National Emblems

PEARL H. CAMPBELL

ALL good Americans know that the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia July 4, 1776. Not so many, perhaps, know that after proclaiming the independence of the United States, Congress appointed a committee to prepare a device for a Great Seal and Coat-of-Arms for the new republic.

The delegates were beginning a war against the strongest and most powerful nation of the Old World, yet so sure were they of the justice of their cause that they seem to have had no doubt that the newborn nation would survive and need a coat-of-arms. The committee prepared and offered in succession several complicated allegorical designs that Congress wisely rejected. In 1782 the task was placed in the hands of Charles Thomson, secretary of Congress, who at once consulted with William Barton of Philadelphia.

These two had the wisdom to avoid allegory and they designed an eagle "displayed proper" in the language of heraldry, or, as we commonly say, with a shield on its breast. In order to avoid any reference to the trappings of royalty, Mr. Barton was careful to explain that this eagle was not the bird commonly associated with kings, but the American bald eagle. In the eagle's right claw was placed a spray of ripe olives as an emblem of its peaceful disposition. The artist, of course, had no idea that some day the nation would stretch from ocean to ocean and include California where olives ripen as naturally as they do in Spain or sunny Italy.

The bird, naturally, had to hold something in his left claw, so they gave him a handful of the redman's arrows to show that he intended to enforce peace. Although the device was adopted by a majority, there were patriots both in and out of Congress who objected to the use of the eagle. They felt that it fostered the very spirit and customs of an aristocracy and not of a commonwealth.

Among the objectors who openly spoke their minds in Congress was wise, witty Ben Franklin. He argued against the choice of the bald eagle as our national

emblem because: "He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing-hawk and, when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to its nest the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little kingbird attacks him boldly. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem."

Franklin's choice of a bird, if a bird they must have, was that thoroughly native and useful fowl, the wild turkey. He thought it would make a far truer emblem for the new and busy nation. He added that besides the turkey's other good qualities it was a bird of courage and probably a gust of laughter swept over that dignified assemblage as he said: "The wild turkey, gentlemen, will not hesitate to attack any Redcoat that enters its barnyard."

Franklin, however, appears to have been in the minority. Despite his protest the bald eagle was not ousted from his mighty seat. He has remained ever since on the Great Seal of the United States.

The republic of Mexico probably chose more wisely when it selected the crested eagle, the harpy, to adorn its shield. This bird, so named after the harpies, mythological monsters which were sometimes winds and sometimes powers of the underworld, inhabits America from the southern part of Mexico to Brazil. It has an enormous bill and powerful talons. Its plumage is black and white and its head is adorned with a warrior's crest. The Aztecs called it the winged wolf. The princes of Tlascala wore its image on their breasts and on their shields as a symbol of royalty. In both Mexico and Peru, where it was trained for sport in falconry, it was preferred to the puma, which was also taught to capture deer and young peccaries for its master, just as the cheetah does in India. Occasionally in the villages captive harpies are still set to fight dogs and wildcats and rarely are they beaten.

The Aztecs, a northern Nahuatl tribe,

says the tradition, escaping from the tyranny of the Chichimecas who sought to dominate them, moved about 1325 into the valley of Mexico and settled down upon certain islands in a marshy lake. This site subsequently became that of the city of Mexico. This place where they were safe from their enemies is said to have been pointed out to them by one of their gods who showed them an eagle perched upon a prickly pear cactus, the nopal, in the act of strangling a serpent. Cortez engraved this picture on his Great Seal, and Mexico, in spite of the many changes in government during the centuries, has kept it to this day.

To a Captive Eagle

AGNES I. ASTON HILL

*Oh, golden bird, king of the air,
That thou shouldst languish, prisoned
there!*

*If I could buy thy liberty,
How gladly would I set thee free!*

*By man's decree, thou shalt not soar
High in the blue, to heaven's door.
'Twas surely meant thee to be free;
Nor bars to ever compass thee!*

*To satisfy the curious gaze
Must thou go prisoned all thy days?
Ne'er meet again thy noble mate—
A captive held—Ah, cruel Fate!*

*Why rob thee of thine heritage,
Thy glorious freedom, for a cage?
Ah, could I once more vision thee
Spreading thy wings, a monarch, free!*

St. Bernard Hospice

IN a special dispatch from Rome to the *Boston Transcript* we read that the report that the Great St. Bernard monks will leave their hospices on St. Bernard's Pass because their presence was supposed to be no longer necessary is not true. The hospice is to remain where it is and the monks will continue their ministrations. The fact that the road is now beaten chiefly by tourists and automobiles does not dispense with their presence in winter. The tourist traffic is intense during the summer only, but in winter there is still a good deal of local traffic between Switzerland and Italy, and the monks have for years improved their service by establishment of telephone stations all along the pass.

The picturesque service of the dogs is also maintained though it is required less often now than in the past, owing to the possibility of a call by telephone. Still, some twenty big St. Bernard dogs are always kept at the hospice and are well trained, and in another hospice lower down in the valley the breeding of the dogs is continued as before.

The monks, on the other hand, will open a new hospice in another part of the high Alpine region nearby where there are no roads for motor traffic and in a short time a number of the monks will take possession of the new hospice. The Pope himself does not desire to see the old hospice abolished. It was founded in 992 by St. Bernard of Menthon and is the oldest institution in Europe for the aid of travelers.

Humane Sunday, April 17, 1932

The Crow Understands Human Nature

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

BECAUSE he is not finicky in the choice of his food, people say that he is a glutton. Be that as it may, he is ever suspicious of the motives of mankind.

Wise, shrewd, thrifty, courageous, considerate of his family, loyal to his tribe, all these describe his character, and how can it be said of him that he is a bad bird?

Ten years ago, I tried to assist a movie-camera man to film the crow's behavior about the common roosting place; and today we are as far from our objective as we were the day we ventured into his roosting quarters. We concealed ourselves in a dense thicket of pines in which thousands of crows were wont to roost, and when the first black fellow came in, he spied us before he alighted. After a few unsavory accusations directed at us, he hurried away and met the incoming band and notified them of our presence in their camp, and other couriers were dispatched. As a

his entire diet is made of the most destructive insect pests known to the farmer. In the stomach of one crow examined in the month of May, was found eighty-five May beetles; another stomach contained seventy-two wire worms; while a third stomach contained a hundred and twenty-three harmful grasshoppers. A crow caught in the North had devoured 483 small caterpillars, and a brood of four young crows were found to have eaten 418 grasshoppers a few hours before examination. About fourteen per cent of the crow's food is composed of wild fruits, mostly acorns and chestnuts.

A hungry crow will eat eggs, and sometimes he will carry off a young fowl; but the amount is so small that it warrants little notice, for about one-half of one per cent of his animal food is composed of eggs; and in certain sections where poultry is kept near the house, the amount is reduced almost to nothing.

Another accusation brought against the crow is that of eating eggs of wild birds. Again this vice is greatly exaggerated, for of the crows that have been examined, it has been found that only a third of one per cent of their food is composed of wild bird eggs. But since birds nest only in the spring, this destructive work can extend over only a few weeks.

With this excellent record to his credit, to take the life of a crow is one of the greatest follies that man can commit.



"WISE, SHREWD, THRIFTY,
COURAGEOUS"

result of this rapid precaution, not a single crow came into the thicket, but all of them moved on to other forest trees out of our reach.

Do you doubt that a crow reasons? Then by all means secure a young crow and raise him in your home. The crow is such a thrifty bird and his appetite can be satisfied with such a great variety of food that he does not find it necessary to migrate, like many of his other less hardy neighbors.

I was born and have lived for many years among the crows, and I have never found them guilty of committing half the crow-crimes of which they are accused.

The best way to determine a bird's worth is by examining its stomach. Such an examination has been made of many crows. Out of 1,340 stomachs of adult crows, and 778 nestlings collected from forty states, it has been found that about twenty-eight per cent of a crow's diet is composed of animal matter, and a fifth of

Nature Balances Species

SANTA CRUZ is a picturesque island off the California coast where wild life in considerable variety formerly abounded. A species of gray fox about half the size of its near relative of the mainland had sustained itself upon the abundance of beetles, grubs and other insect life. It had strangely become diurnal, as well as nocturnal in habits and appeared to be more than holding its own. A visitor to this island in the interest of research study of those foxes brought to light some interesting data. In *Touring Topics* he writes of them as follows:

"The fox is an outstanding example of the survival of the fittest. At the time of my visit the foxes had reached the peak of production. Many of the specimens secured were blind from a disease, which Dame Nature has no doubt used many times before, to depopulate the hordes that overwhelm the land. Toward the end of my stay I failed to see a fox or even to catch one. The disease germ had spread rapidly and was taking its toll of a species of animal life which had no chance to escape by extending its range. It is known that the Santa Cruz Island fox has withstood the ravages of this disease in times past, but when a race of animals is confined to a restricted area such as this, with such a degenerating influence occurring periodically, it is only a matter of time when it will disappear entirely—dying, so to speak, within itself."

Observe Humane Day in schools, April 22, or nearest convenient date.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and fifty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported during February. Of these, 125 were in Georgia, 104 in Massachusetts, 74 in Virginia, 63 in Pennsylvania, 42 in Texas, 23 in Illinois, nine in Tennessee, seven in Syria, six in Maine, and one each in Canada, Nebraska and North Dakota.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 186,065

To a Kitten

RENA M. MANNING

*Did a fairy's fancy spin you,
Little cloud of silken fluff,
Or has fashion's whim decreed
An animated powder puff?*

*Cradled you are in my hand—
Pulsing flower of ruffled gloss—
Does a gauzy wisp of soul
Hide beneath such down and floss?*

*Ah! No blossom ever owned
Roguish stars for eyes; nor could
Cache such seedlet pearls within
A lined-with-pink snapdragon hood.*

*Ears like velvet shells that perk
Where forbidden tassels swing!
Toes like rosy berries where
Grow white thorns to snatch and cling!*

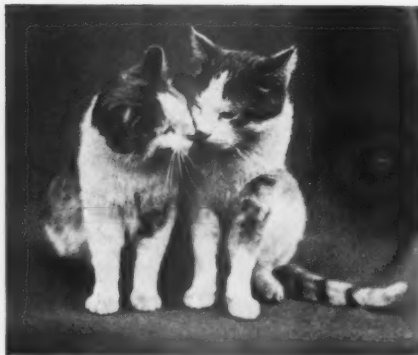
*Elfin whiskers which might be
The framework of a butterfly—
Are they strings on which the bow
Of contented purrs may ply?*

*Was your racing little heart,
Clothed in furred rotundity,
First conceived in jungle-gloom
And evolved—a gift for me?*

In South Carolina

Through the efforts of Seymour Carroll, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, the South Carolina Broadcasting Company of Columbia will give two fifteen-minute periods on station WIS for special broadcasts during Be Kind to Animals Week. Governor Blackwood has been invited to make one of these addresses. Mr. Carroll has also secured the unqualified endorsement for this week of both Jas. H. Hope, state superintendent of education, and C. A. Johnson, superintendent of Negro schools in Columbia.

During February Miss Maryott visited schools in Milton and Winchester, Mass., where 104 Bands of Mercy were organized. Nearly 4,000 individuals were reached by the talks, illustrated by colored lantern slides, given in these schools.



Don't Say "Scat"

IRENE W. BENT

WHEN we see the familiar, domestic pet cavorting wildly across the floor, madly chasing a piece of crumpled paper or complacently dozing in some favorite spot of sun-light, we are apt to think of it only as a thing to be caressed or scatted according to our own erratic mood.

But the cat has a history which places it among the objects of interest. There is a legend, told by Agnes Repplier in her book on cats, most appropriately named "The Fireside Sphinx," which tells that the cat sprang into existence at the time of the flood. Troubled by rats and mice the dwellers in the Ark sought relief. Noah, the resourceful, passed his hand three times over the head of a lioness and she sneezed forth a cat.

Perhaps this legend proved interesting to ancient Italian painters, for in all their pictures representing the departure from the Ark the cat sedately heads the procession.

To Egypt is given the credit of domesticating the cat, the gloved cat of Egypt being the original stock from which our household pet descended. Ancient Egyptians revered the cat, it was sacred to Isis, goddess of the moon. Temples were raised to the feline, sacrifices offered to it and frequently the body was embalmed.

Images of the cat were placed in niches in the Temples and these niches were nearly always painted red or lined with red stone.

The writer once owned a handsome black cat of temperamental moods who invariably sought out a red background for himself. Cushion, rug, or carelessly dropped scarf of red hue were sure to attract the attention of "Ashur" (the name means blackness) and be appropriated for his nap. This preference grew so marked that finally his cushion was given a red cover and thereafter Ashur stuck to his own. We liked to think he was some direct descendant from a worshipped ancestor.

Perhaps the cat's connection with the goddess Isis accounts for the supposition that they are influenced by the moon. The contracting and expanding of a cat's eyes has been likened to the waxing and waning of the moon. We know they grow musical on moonlit nights and nearly every owner of a household pet can testify, if he has stopped to notice, that the cat is always in high spirits during full moon.

The veneration in which pussy was held

in ancient Egypt was well known. The Persian army, at war against the Egyptians, carried cats as a protection against the enemy's weapons.

To this day this esteem for cats is shown. Many years ago a Moslem warrior bequeathed a sum of money for the perpetual care of cats in Cairo. Near that city is a place called "The Cat's Garden," where cats are cared for, and in the city stray cats still receive their daily dole in perpetuation of his bounty.

Not everywhere is the cat so well treated. The folk lore of some European countries regard the cat, especially a black cat, as suspiciously involved in witchcraft and execution has been the fate of the unfortunate suspect. Although it is doubtful if this accusation has any foundation, the black cat, rampant, is a picturesque addition to Hallowe'en stories and parties. Even down to this enlightened age a black cat crossing one's path or appearing suddenly in times of sickness is regarded as an omen of evil.

Cats have been for ages an article of commerce. The Arabs raised them for sale long ago. Some one has written:

*"And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road.
And the Persian pussy cats brought for sale
Spat at the dogs from the camel's bale."*

We know that the aristocratic, pedigreed pussy cat of the present day brings enormous prices. And we might just mention in passing that there are several cat farms in the United States where cats are raised for their fur.

A Paris department store has found cats an industrial asset. Proving that pussy's chief vocation has not been taken from her entirely, this store, finding traps and poison of no avail against rats and mice, maintains kennels where cats are bred, raised and trained, then assigned to their positions in the store. It is told that the chief ratter of these kennels, a handsome black male took first prize in the cat show at Harve.

Considering the fact that pussy is ornamental, profitable and useful we should refrain from the too ready "Scat."



CARRYING PEAT IN COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND, WHENCE CAME RICHARD MARTIN WHO INTRODUCED INTO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT THE FIRST BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS



Early April

*Behold the robin's breast aglow
As on the lawn he seeks his game;
His cap a darker hue doth show,
His bill a yellow flame.*

*Now in the elm tops see the swarm
Of swelling buds like bees in May;
The maples, too, have tints blood warm,
And willows show a golden ray.*

*Forth from the hive go voyaging bees,
Cruising far each sunny hour;
Scenting sap 'mid maple trees,
Or sifting bread from sawdust flour.*

*Up from the marsh a chorus shrill
Of piping frogs swells in the night;
The meadowlark shows flashing quill
As o'er brown fields she takes her flight.*

*Now screaming hawks soar o'er the wood,
And sparrows red haunt bushy banks,
The starlings gossip, "Life is good,"
And grackles pass in sable ranks.*

*The rye fields show a tender hue
Of fresh'ning green amid the brown,
And pussy-willows clad anew
Along the brook in silver gown.*

*The purple finch hath found his tongue,
From out the elm tree what a burst!
Now once again all things are young,
Renewed by love as at the first.*

JOHN BURROUGHS



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts



"Good Morning, Children"

The dog at the left was a patient at Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Boston

*A little bit of faithfulness, a little bit of trust;
A little bit of loyalty, with love to share a crust;
A gleam of courage in their eyes to meet life unafraid;
These were the things the "Lord God" used when dogs like mine
were made.*

Still Looking for His Master

MILDRED ELDRIDGE

A ROLICKING yellow cur of Herrington, Kans., "Boomer," is one of the most consistent "train meeters" ever known to a small town.

In the hope that his master, William Sells, will some day step down from one of the long lines of coaches, tweak his ear and take him home for a good meal, Boomer has met all the passenger trains that come into the division point for the past three years; and when he dies it will probably be while he is dragging his way to the station.

Three years ago Boomer's friend boarded a train bound for an eastern city, where he was to undergo an operation. He told Boomer he would be back as soon as he was well enough to travel again.

But the operation was not successful. Mr. Sells never returned. Still, Boomer goes blithely on "making" the trains.

He has merely a contemptuous sniff for freights, for he evidently knows that no self-respecting master would ride on them. But he has never missed one of the two dozen or more regular passenger trains that stop in Herrington.

Two afternoon trains on different roads come in just a few minutes apart. Boomer goes to the first one, watches the passengers alight, and then tears across town before the second locomotive comes roaring in.

Occasionally the citizens see a yellow streak traveling like a comet in the direction of one of the stations and know that Boomer has slipped up a little on his time. But they are confident that he will get there before the train jerks to a stop. Old neighbors of Mr. Sells keep his dog plump with their scraps, and Boomer is always given a hearty welcome in any of the homes at which he calls.

Circus Man's Testimony Incriminating

GENEVA COWAN

IN a recent magazine article written by a "star acrobat with Barnum," the most incriminating testimony imaginable is given concerning tactics used upon circus animals. That is not the purpose of the article, of course; rather, it is to reveal the ferocity of cage-bred animals.

"Free-born forest denizens regard man as being a strange superior enemy and they have an inborn dread of him," says the acrobat. In view of the incidents that he subsequently relates, it must be admitted with shame that the poor animals' dread is justifiable.

The circus man then recounts the tale of an orang-utan at one time with Barnum & Bailey who was of a generally "sunny disposition" except toward one person, Conklin, the elephant trainer. But the ape's dislike was easily explained. He hated elephants and Conklin intentionally teased the animal by standing near his cage always accompanied by an elephant. Upon one occasion the ape escaped and only the protection of the elephants saved Conklin. Then "Conklin ceased vexing the ape and labored to win the animal's good will. Progress was discouragingly slow but he persevered. The good-natured Chico gradually melted and ultimately they became excellent friends."

The acrobat then tells of the circus "strong man" engaging in combat with four hyenas. One of the animals was aroused, it seems, by a fresh wound on the man's leg. It licked his bleeding skin, whereat, the strong man shouted, "Scram" and gave him a slight kick." In the bloody encounter that followed, the "strong man" killed one hyena and explains about another, "I could easily have croaked him but I'd already rubbed out one and I didn't want to toss another into the discard on account of the expense to the manager."

The last incident related by the acrobat concerned an elephant who was "addicted to tantrums." "He was noticeably irritable and sullenly executed commands. When he crowded and butted inoffensive members of the group, an elephant groom attempted to make him desist by prodding him vigorously with what in showman's vernacular is termed a 'bull-hook'—an iron rod about two feet long and which at one end contains a sharp-curved steel point." This treatment naturally did not tend to appease the poor animal's ill temper so he turned upon the attendant and killed him.

Then follows an account of four or five hundred words long relating the animal's escape. After being captured, he was "fettered" and "an unmerciful beating was administered. The flogging continued for some time before the great beast would emit a bellow of pain. After capitulating, the now docile pachyderm was shackled and kept chained in a circus car for two weeks."

Obviously in the cases cited, the bewildered animals' wrath was aroused by man. Strange, is it, that they have an "inborn dread of him"?

The Turtle and Its Foster Mother

HUGH LEE MORRIS

HOW many of us would survive and live if abandoned at birth? Quite naturally you will say none, and yet that is the plight of a turtle. In fact as soon as a mother turtle lays her eggs she considers her maternal duties completed so far as her potential offsprings are concerned.

When birds are building nests, animals digging burrows or locating dens and hollows, fish laboriously fanning themselves a bed in the bottom of lakes and streams, old mother turtle casts her beady eye around for a likely place to deposit her eggs. She knows in the recesses of her amphibian brain that nature stands ready to lend a hand, and she wilyly takes advantage of this offer.

From the sunny banks of the stream or lake on which she has dozed away numberless hours basking in the sun's warmth, she chooses a spot to deposit her eggs. It must be near the water's edge, and void of vegetation or any obstructions that will keep out the sunshine. She endeavors to have the ground level, if possible, or with only a slight degree of slope toward the water.

Now for the depositary for her eggs. Carefully she begins to dig with her front feet a circular hole an inch or more in diameter. This hole is dug perpendicular, and from three to five inches deep. After carefully removing all dirt from it she digs outward from the base of the hole. Each time she scoops out a pile of dirt in the bottom, she carefully and painstakingly removes it.

This procedure is kept up until she has hollowed out a globe-shaped opening at the base of the perpendicular hole as large as it is possible for her to dig with her front feet. The size of the hole, of course,

varies with the size of the turtle, but it will be of ample size to accommodate her eggs. When completed it consists of an underground nest of from six to twelve inches in diameter with a perpendicular passageway leading down to it of from two to three inches in diameter.

Through this passageway she deposits her eggs in the underground nest. Into the passageway she now pushes dry leaves and grass so that the dirt which she will next pack into the passageway will not be too thick for the little turtles to burrow through. The layer of dirt which she places on top of the leaves or grass is then packed firmly, and level with the surrounding ground. This is done in order to hide the nest from prowling animals who have a keen appetite for turtle eggs. As a final precaution she pushes the remaining loose dirt into the water, and smoothes away every trace of her labors.

Considering her work well done, she casts a beady eye at the warm spring sun and slides off into the water to join others of her kin who have completed similar tasks. Now it is up to sun and its warming rays to finish the job. Day after day the spring sun sends its rays down on that particular exposed piece of ground, and the warmth seeps down into the now airtight egg compartment. Day in and day out this continues until through the rubber-like shell of the egg a sharp beak breaks. One after another the young turtles break through their shells until the underground nest is a mass of tiny turtles.

Their little feet tear at the sides of the nest as they crawl around and around, and the leaves and grass packed in the passageway by the mother are dislodged. Constant movements on their part soon tear down the packing, and they gradually work themselves upward.

At last they are out in the sunshine. The same instinct which made their mother carefully deposit her eggs where the sun's rays would hatch them, makes the little turtles turn to the water. So, when only a few days old, they tumble into the water unaccompanied by mother or father, but adequately endowed by nature to provide for themselves.

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